

RIP  
OFF  
PRESS

THE FABULOUS FURRY

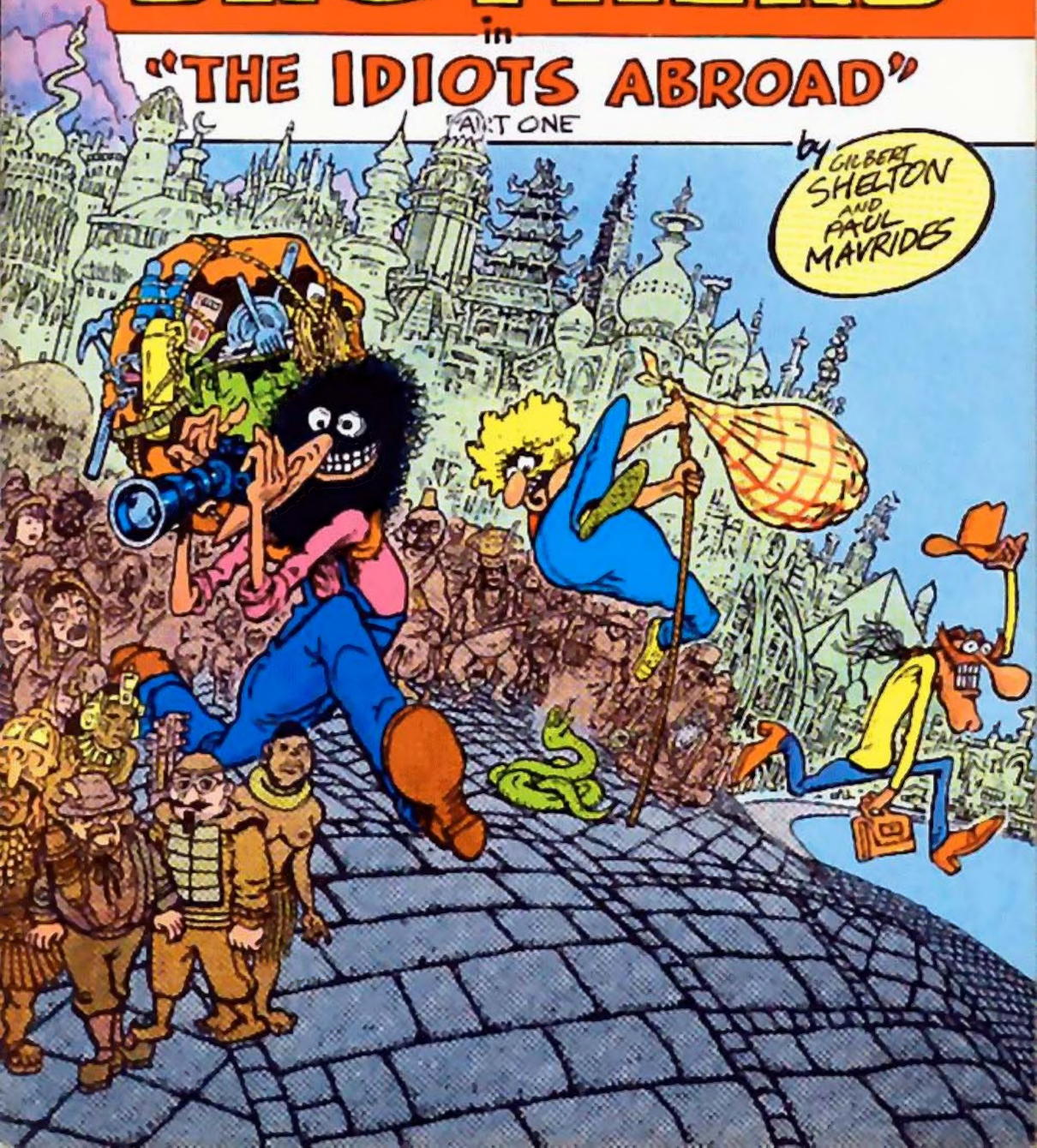
\$2.50  
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CAN

# FREAK BROTHERS

in  
"THE IDIOTS ABROAD"

PART ONE

by  
GILBERT  
SHELTON  
AND  
PAUL  
MAVRIDES





# Foreword

IT IS ANOTHER BUSY AFTERNOON IN THE THIRTY-SEVENTH FLOOR EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE RENOWNED RIP OFF PRESS, INC., HIGHRISE OFFICES.

HERE'S ANOTHER PIECE OF FREAK BROTHERS MAIL!

THIS ONE APPEARS TO BE WRITTEN IN MUD ON WAXED PAPER!

LET'S SHOW THEM TO MR. SHELDON AND MR. MAYRIDES!

THANK YOU, MS. LOWER-TODD!

I CAN BARELY MAKE IT OUT... (GROH!) MORE SARCASM... "ARE THOSE SELF-STYLED FABULOUS (ALTHOUGH UNDENIABLY FURRY) FREAK BROTHERS STILL ALIVE? I CAN'T FIND THEIR BOOKS FOR SALE ANYWHERE ANY MORE! COME TO THINK OF IT, I NEVER COULD FIND THEIR BOOKS WHEN THEY WERE ALIVE, EITHER! SIGNED, FORMER FAN!"

HERE'S ONE MORE PEEZE, SIR! IT'S IN LIPSTICK ON BLUE-LINE NOTEBOOK PAPER!

"WHO GIVES A HAMSTER FART FOR THOSE AGING HIPPIES, THOSE RELICS OF THE SIXTIES, THOSE OLD TROGLODYTES THE FREAK BROTHERS? WHY DON'T YOU WRITE SOMETHING FUNNY, LIKE TEN THOUSAND THINGS TO DO WITH A DEAD GARFIELD?"

I DON'T KNOW WHERE PEOPLE GET THESE CRAZY IDEAS! NOT ONLY ARE THE FREAK BROTHERS STILL ALIVE, THEY HAVEN'T EVEN AGED ONE BIT IN A DECADE AND A HALF!

IT SOUNDS BIZARRE, BUT IT'S TRUE! WHILE THE REST OF US ARE DOWN HERE BOTTING AND SHEDDING MERRILY AWAY, THAT TRIO OF IRRESPONSIBLE RASCALS IS OFF ON SOME MYTHICAL ASTRAL PLANE DOING WHATEVER THEY WANT TO DO, AND NEVER GETTING SICK OR SHOWING ANY SIGNS OF MORTALITY AT ALL!

IT'S REALLY BEGINNING TO BUG ME!

I WISH SOMEONE WOULD TEACH THOSE GOYS SOME OF THE CRUEL FACTS OF LIFE FROM THE REAL LINE WORLD!

IN FACT, —NON HEN— THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WE CAN JUST HAVE THE **COMPUTOON, 8000** INFECT THE FREAK BROTHERS WITH A SUDDEN, IRRATIONAL DESIRE TO TRAVEL!

ISN'T THIS A MARVELOUS MACHINE? IT WRITES ALL OF OUR STORIES FOR US!

WHY DON'T YOU PUNCH THAT IN, MAYRIDES?

...SUDDEN... IRRATION...

HA HA HA! IT'S GONNA SCATTER THAT BUNCH OF HAREBRAINS ALL OVER THE SURFACE OF THIS PLANET! IT'LL PROBABLY EVEN SEND FAT FREDDY SOMEPLACE WHERE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND A MACDONALD'S! GUFFAW!

THAT SPACED-OUT GANG OF DRUGGIES WON'T LAST THIRTY MINUTES OUTSIDE THE U.S.A.! THEY'LL STARVE TO DEATH, OR BE MURDERED FOR SURE! NO MORE FREAK BROTHERS, HA HA!

NOW I'LL BE FREE TO MOVE TO GREENLAND!

THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S MY LIFE'S AMBITION TO MOVE TO GREENLAND AND GROW CITRUS FRUIT! YOU KNOW, I ALREADY OWN SOME PROPERTY UP THERE! BOUGHT IT THROUGH THE **COMPUTOON, 8000**, AS A MATTER OF FACT!

THAT LAND OUGHT TO BE WORTH A LOT OF MONEY NOW, WITH THE REAL ESTATE BOOM AND ALL, DON'T YOU THINK? I'VE NEVER SEEN THE PLACE ACTUALLY, BUT THE **COMPUTOON** TELLS ME IT'S AS GREEN AS ANY PLACE IN GREENLAND! SOUNDS NICE, HUH?

SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT THE **COMPUTOON** ROULED UP AND PUT NEXT YEAR'S DATE ON YOUR PATCHES! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND! YOU CAN BURN, CAN'T YOU?

CERTAINLY! I'M ALREADY HAVING MORE FUN THAN I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH! HOW ABOUT YOU, MAYRIDES?

I DON'T MIND! IT'S A PRIVILEGE JUST TO BE HERE! THE **COMPUTOON, 8000** DOES MOST OF THE ACTUAL WORK, ANYWAY!

LOOK! IT'S FINISHED WITH THE WHOLE STORY ALREADY! LET'S GET GOING ON THE ROUGH SKETCHES AND WE'LL BE ALL THROUGH IN A HALF-HOUR!

...AND SO THE FREAK BROTHERS ARE OFF ON THE GRAND TOUR! AND WHATEVER THEY GO, ONLY THE **COMPUTOON, 8000** SHALL KNOW.



THE  
FABULOUS FURRY

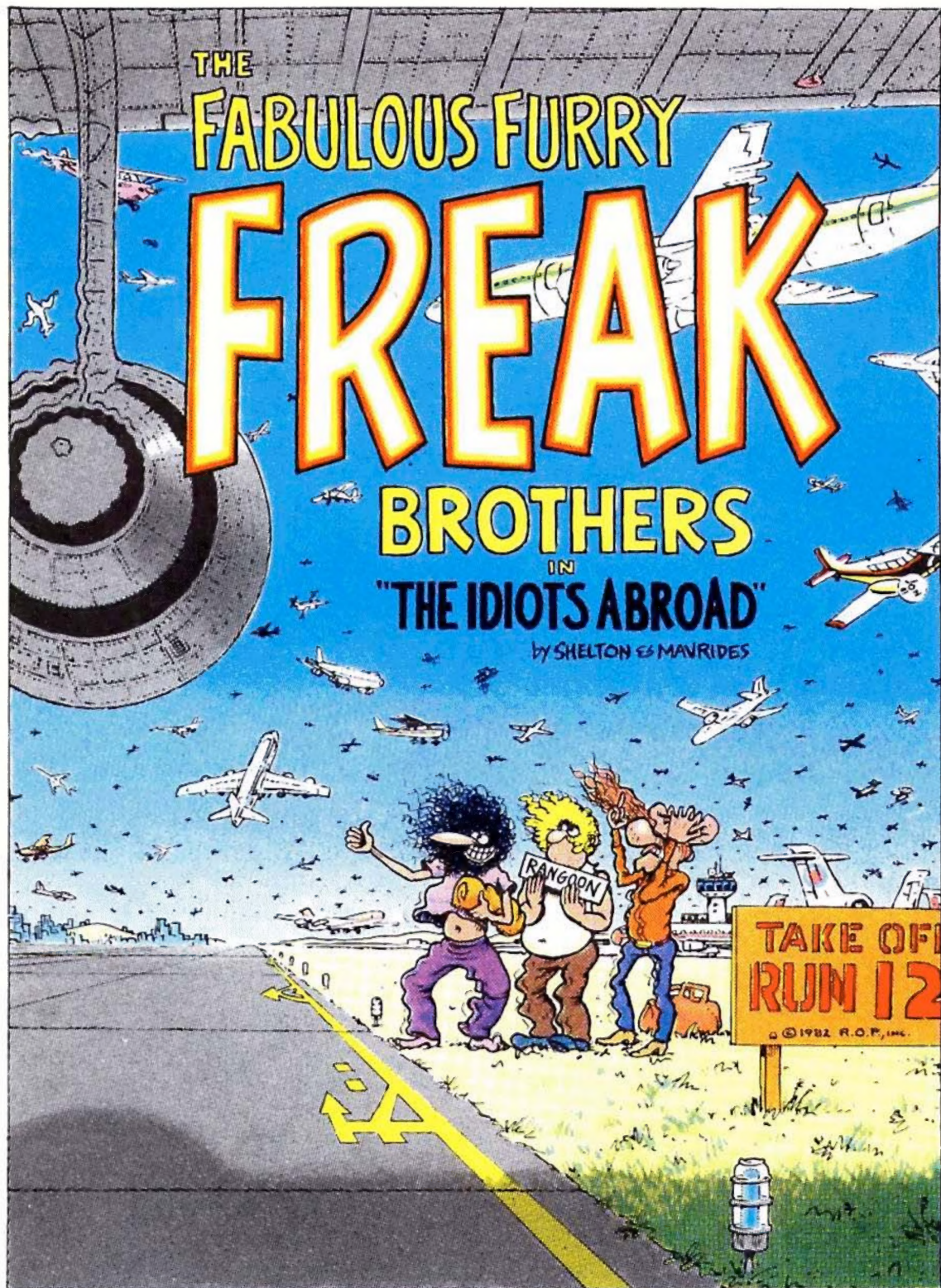
# FREAK

BROTHERS

IN

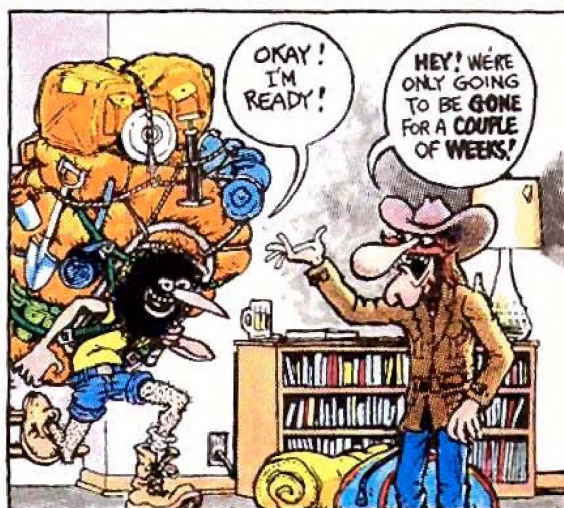
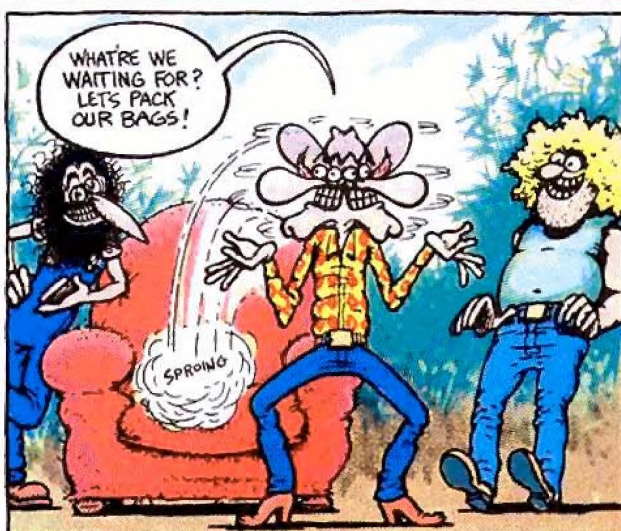
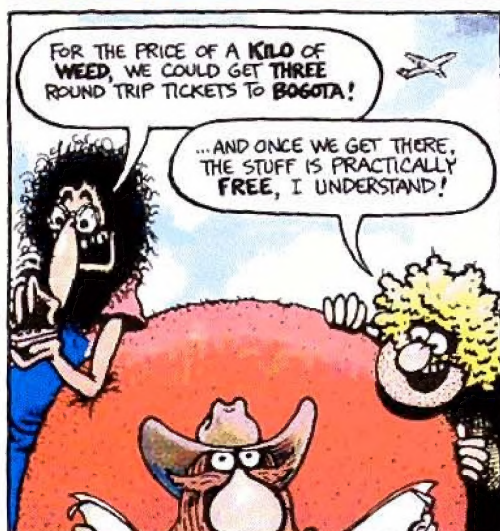
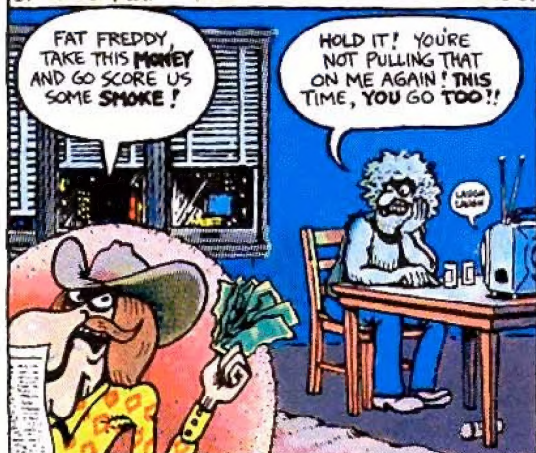
"THE IDIOTS ABROAD"

by SHELTON & MAVRIDES





IT IS A DULL EVENING AT THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS' FLAT— AN EVENING MUCH LIKE MANY OTHERS.



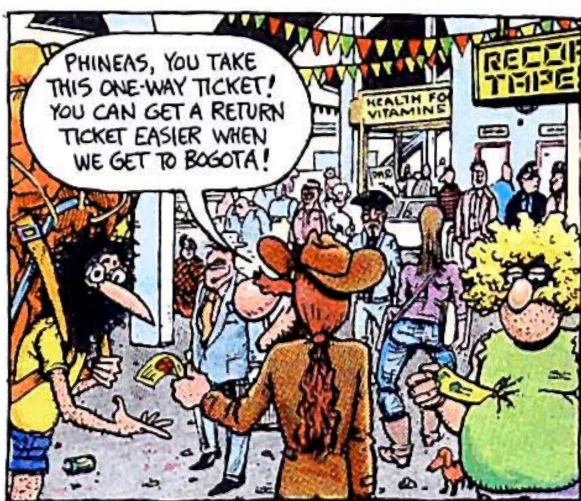
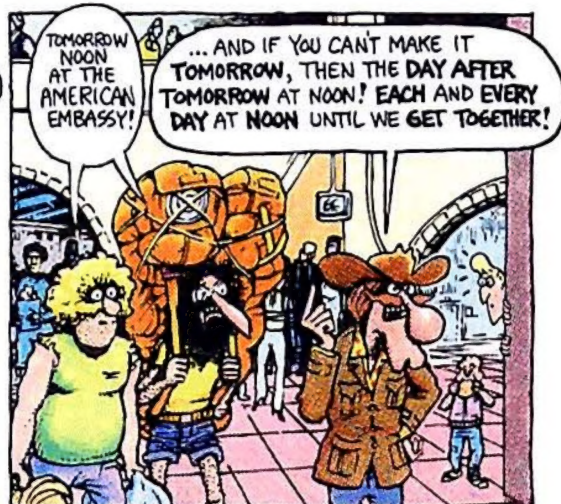
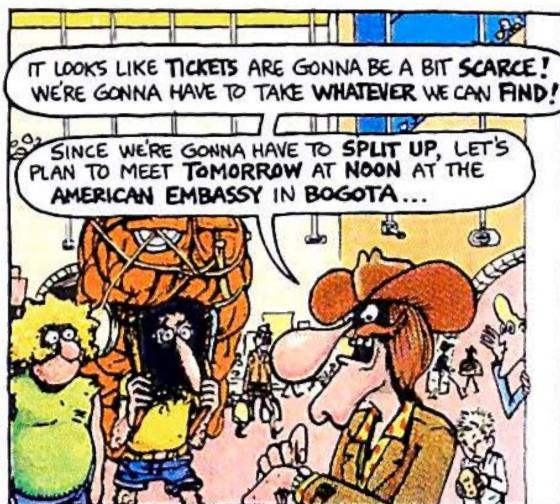
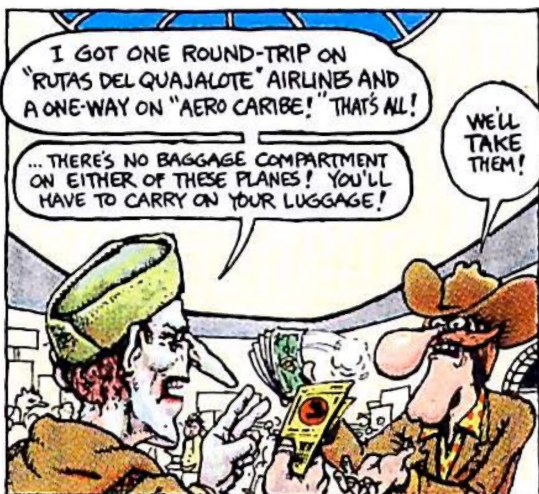
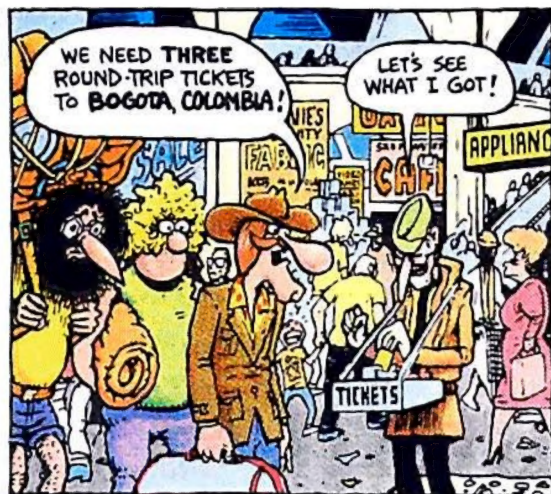




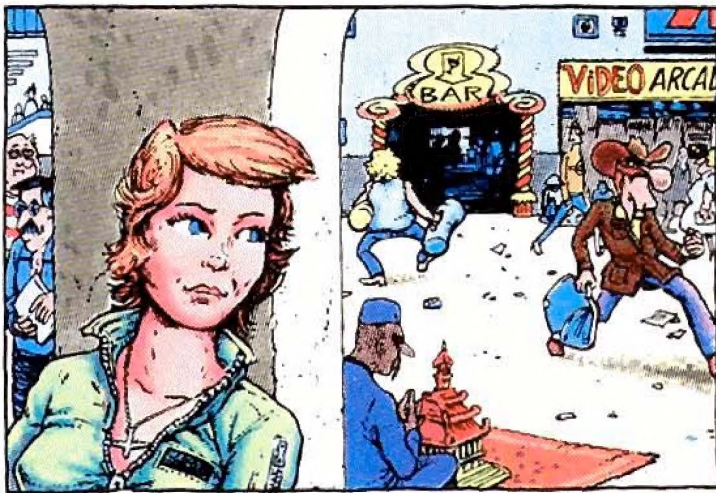




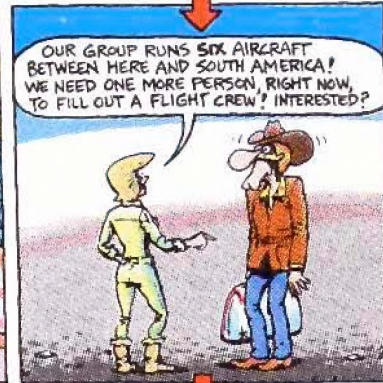
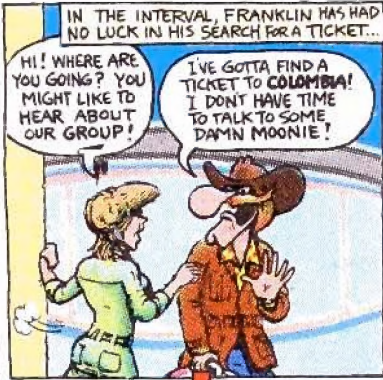
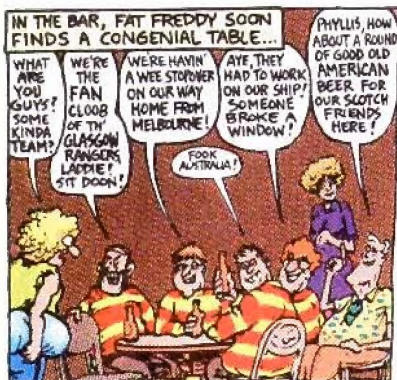




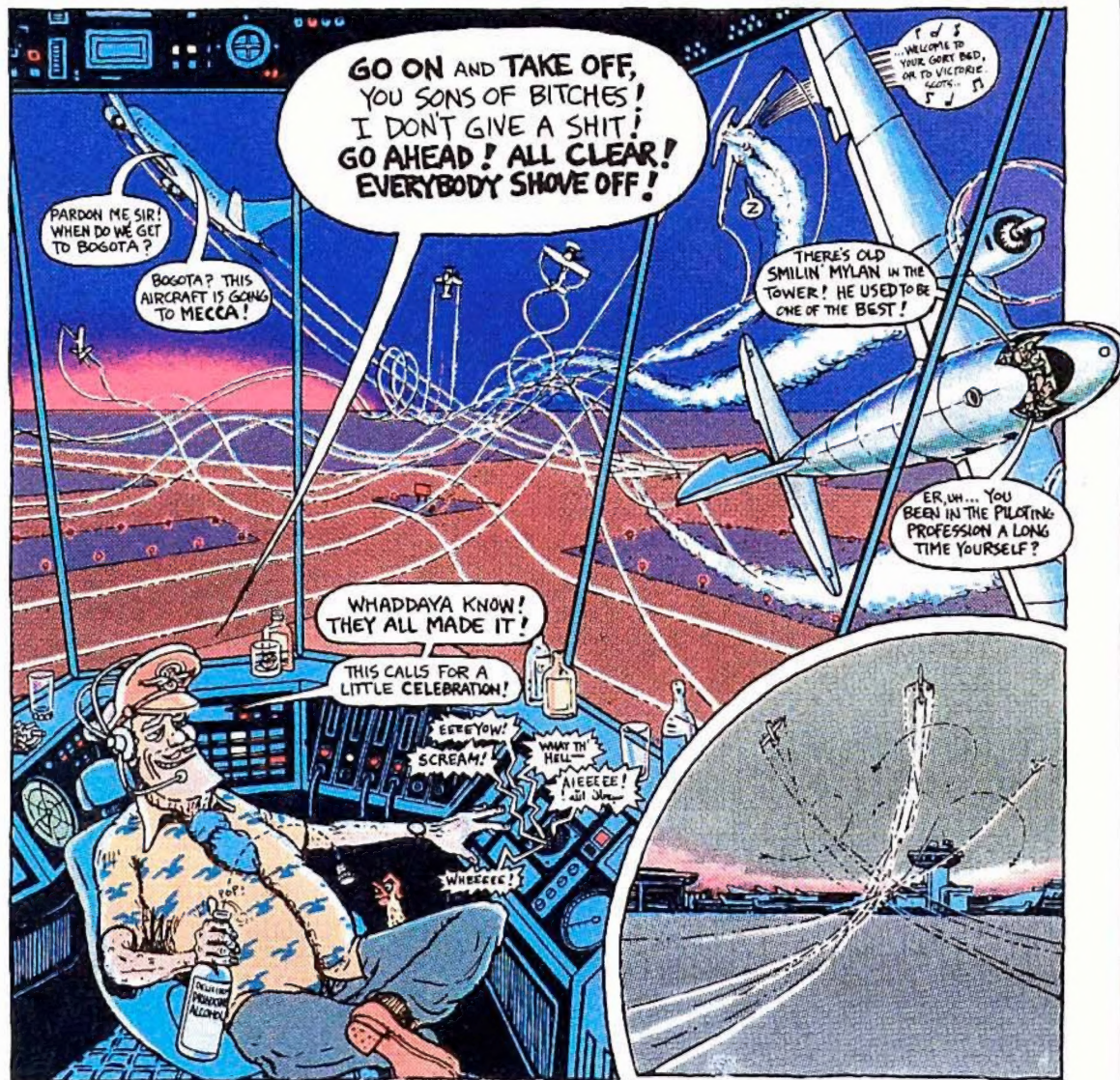
















MEANWHILE, IN THE HIGHRISE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NEWLY FORMED FEDERAL BUREAU OF SUSPICIOUS THOUGHT PROCESSES.



SOON, ABOARD A JUMBO JET TO SOUTH AMERICA...



SIMULTANEOUSLY, ON A CHARTER FLIGHT TO GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, FAT FREDDY IS JUST BEGINNING TO SOBER UP...



AND ON THE SPECIAL AIR ARABE PILGRIMAGE FLIGHT TO MECCA, PHINEAS IS STILL UNCONVINCED HE HAS GOTTEN ON THE WRONG PLANE...





THAT NIGHT, SOMEWHERE  
OVER CENTRAL AMERICA:

THERE ARE REGIONS OUT HERE  
THAT ARE SO REMOTE THEY'VE  
NEVER EVEN BEEN MAPPED! NO  
ONE KNOWS WHAT COUNTRY THEY'RE  
IN! NO ROADS TO THE OUTSIDE  
WORLD! ONLY A FEW INDIANS  
LIVE AROUND THESE PLACES!  
SO WE BUILT SETTLEMENTS!



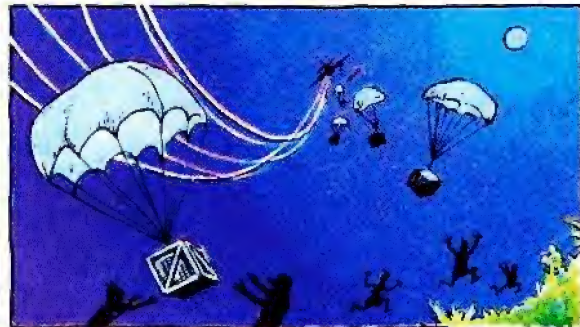
WE FLY IN EVERYTHING WE NEED! WE'VE  
EVEN BUILT A LANDING STRIP AT ONE OF THE SITES!

OKAY, GET READY TO START DROPPING THE STUFF!



I DON'T SEE  
ANYBODY  
DOWN THERE!

WELL, THEY'RE  
DOWN THERE!  
DROP!



THERE'S THE  
AIRSTRIIP!

I DON'T SEE  
ANY AIRSTRIIP!



IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF  
HUNDRED FEET LONG...

GOOD  
LORD!  
(GASP!)



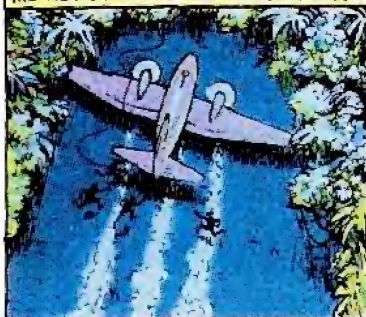
BUT IT GOES UP  
AT THE END...

ARRRRGH!  
(HOOE!)

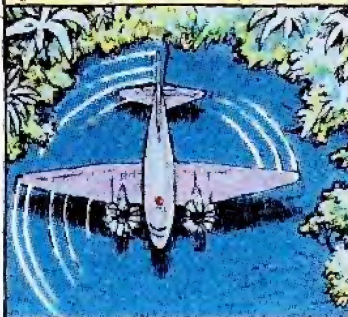




AS THE C-46 ROLLS TO A STOP, A NUMBER OF FIGURES EMERGE FROM THE NEARBY DENSE JUNGLE FOLIAGE.



ATTACHING A ROPE TO THE TAIL WHEEL, THEY SWING THE AIRCRAFT AROUND AND PULL IT UP THE INCLINE.



CAMOUFLAGE VINES ARE THEN THROWN OVER THE PLANE, MAKING IT ALMOST TOTALLY INVISIBLE FROM THE AIR.



AIR FORCE F-15'S! BUT THEY CAN'T SEE US DOWN IN THIS LITTLE BASIN! SO FAR WE WERE UNCONTAMINATED BY ANY CONTACT WITH THE FORCES OF AUTHORITY!

MAYBE IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO GET A FEW HOURS REST AND THEN GO ON TO BASOTA TOMORROW NIGHT!

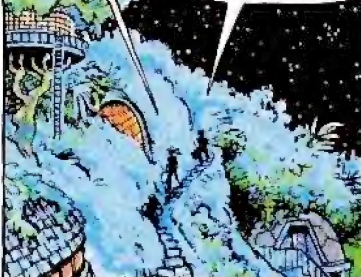


NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE HERE EXCEPT THE LOCAL INDIANS, AND WE HAVE A SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP WITH THEM!



WHAT ARE ALL YOU PEOPLE DOING HERE?

SOME OF US ARE INTO ARCHITECTURE, SOME ARE INTO TECHNOLOGIES LIKE SOLAR AND GEOTHERMAL HEAT COLLECTION, AND SOME ARE INTO GARDENING!



SOME OF US JUST LIKE TO SIT AROUND IN OUR HOT TUBS!



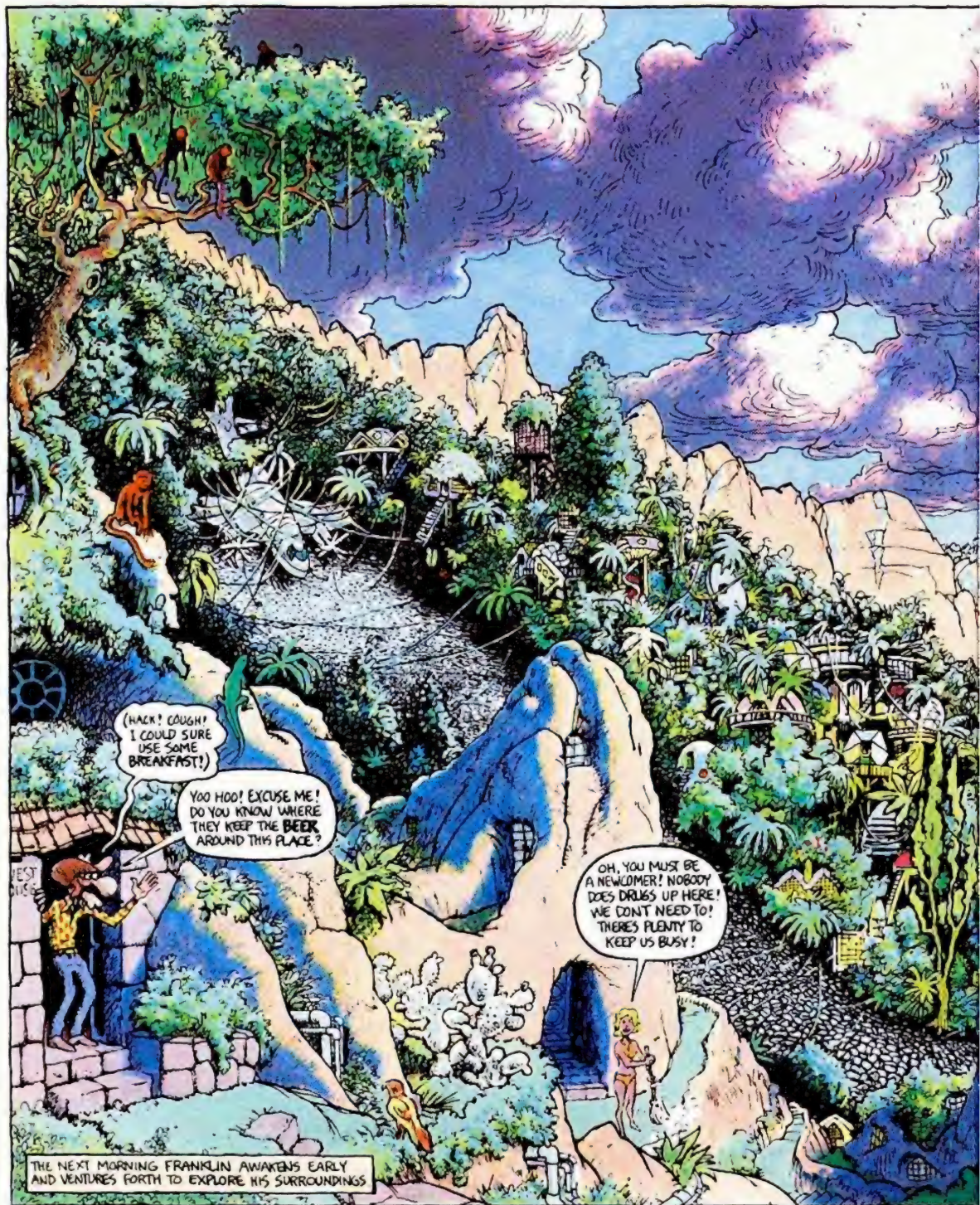
YOU CAN STAY HERE AT THE GUEST HOUSE! I HAVE MY OWN PLACE OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAVINE!



GOOD NIGHT! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!



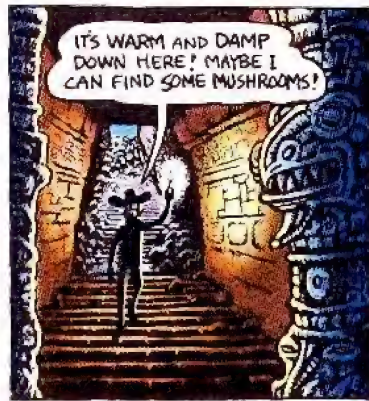
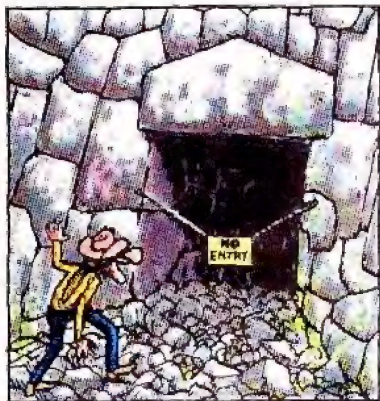




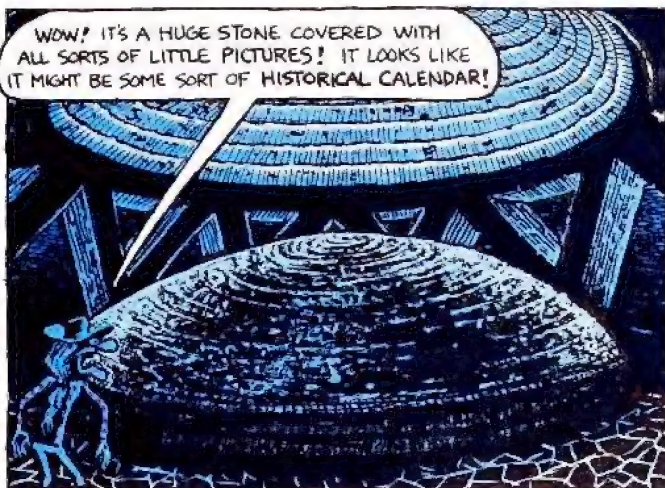








IT'S WARM AND DAMP DOWN HERE! MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME MUSHROOMS!



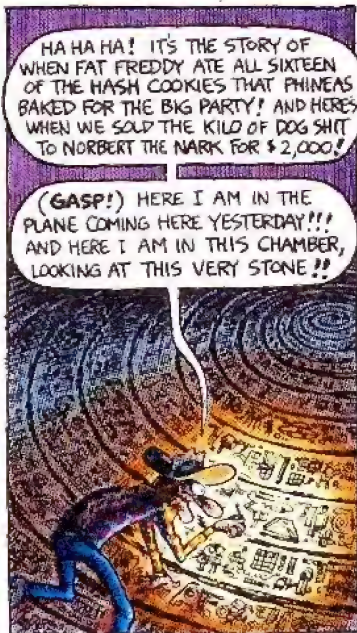
WOW! IT'S A HUGE STONE COVERED WITH ALL SORTS OF LITTLE PICTURES! IT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE SOME SORT OF HISTORICAL CALENDAR!



IT... IT'S JUST LIKE A COMIC STRIP! I CAN ACTUALLY READ IT! HERE'S A MASTODON HUNT BACK DURING THE ICE AGE! I WONDER HOW FAR ON IT GOES? HERE'S THE SPANISH INVASION OF AMERICA... AND UP HERE... AN AUTOMOBILE?? SKYSCRAPERS?? AND FLYING MACHINES??

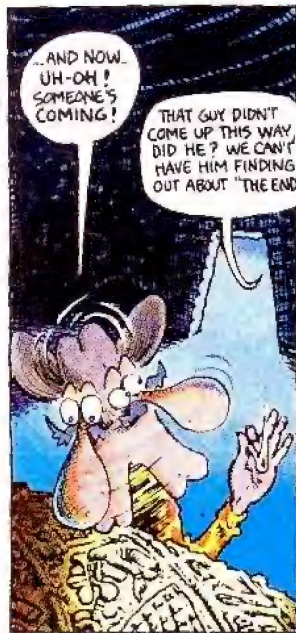


GOOD LORD! IT'S A PICTURE OF ME! HOW COULD WHOEVER CARVED THIS HAVE KNOWN ABOUT ME? AND PHINEAS AND FREDDY!



HA HA HA! IT'S THE STORY OF WHEN FAT FREDDY ATE ALL SIXTEEN OF THE HASH COOKIES THAT PHINEAS BAKED FOR THE BIG PARTY! AND HERE'S WHEN WE SOLD THE KILO OF DOG SHIT TO NORBERT THE NARK FOR \$2,000!

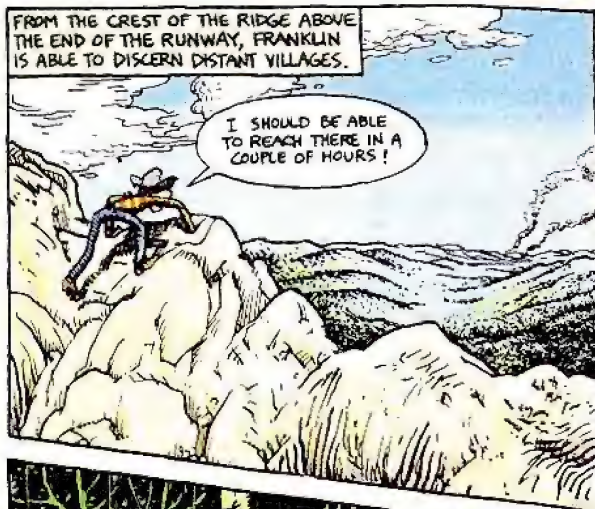
(GASP!) HERE I AM IN THE PLANE COMING HERE YESTERDAY!!! AND HERE I AM IN THIS CHAMBER, LOOKING AT THIS VERY STONE!!



...AND NOW. UH-OH! SOMEONE'S COMING!

THAT GUY DIDN'T COME UP THIS WAY, DID HE? WE CAN'T HAVE HIM FINDING OUT ABOUT "THE END!"



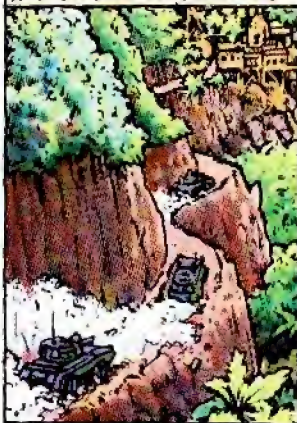




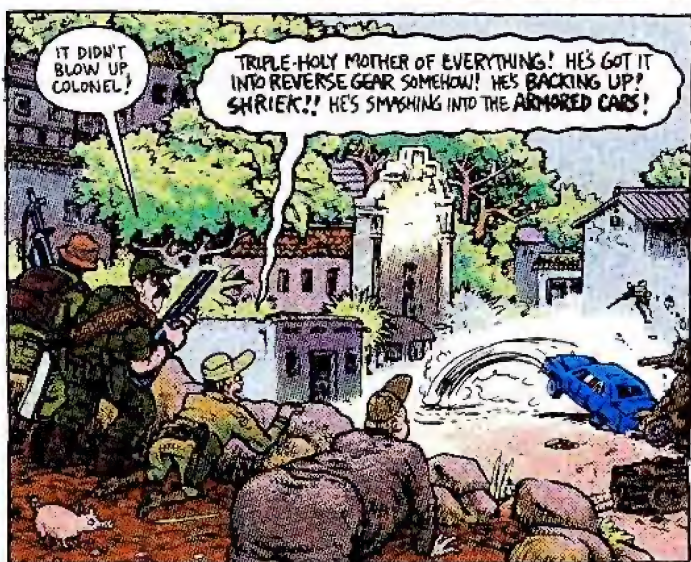
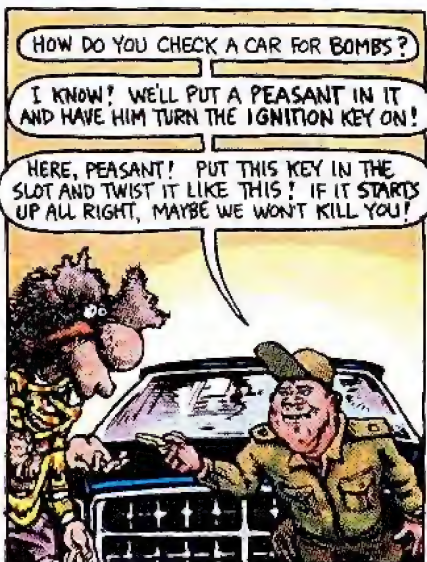
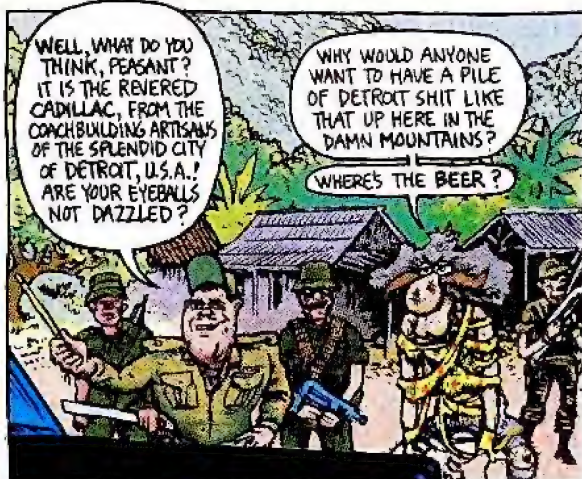
BY THE TIME FRANKLIN REACHES THE FIRST REMOTE VILLAGE, HIS CLOTHING IS VIRTUALLY INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE NATIVE GARB.



MEANWHILE, A MILITARY CONVOY IS APPROACHING THE VILLAGE FROM THE DOWNHILL DIRECTION.







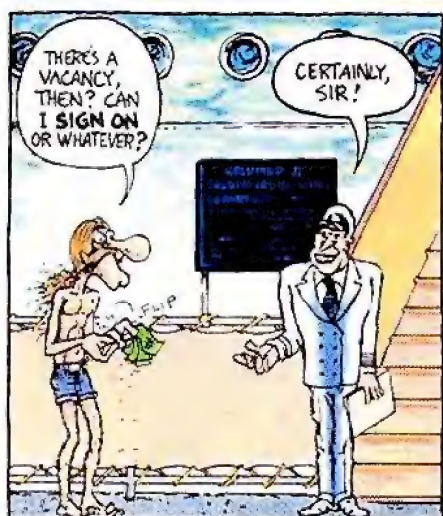




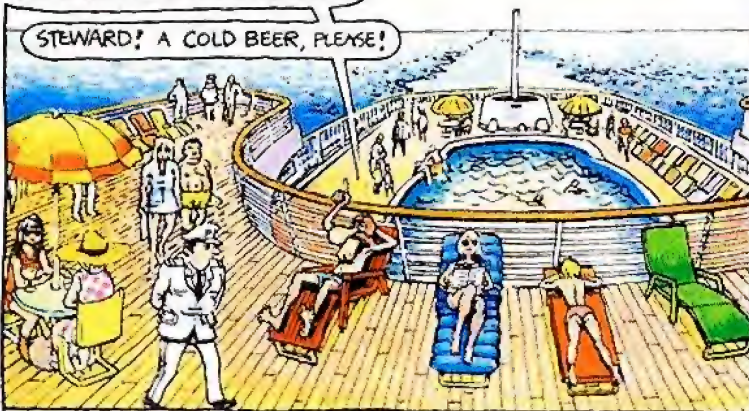
ONE HOUR AND CLOSE TO A HUNDRED MILES LATER:







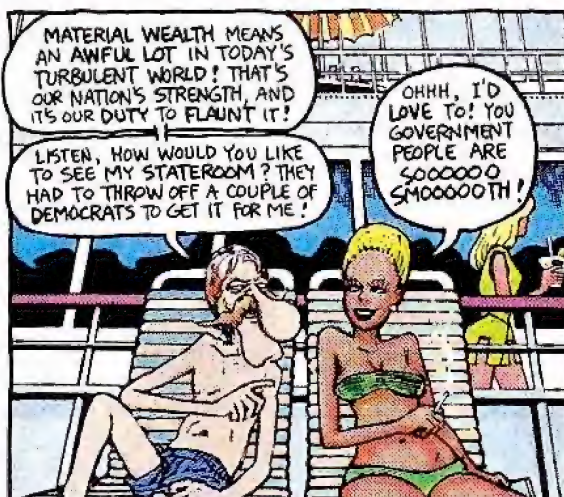
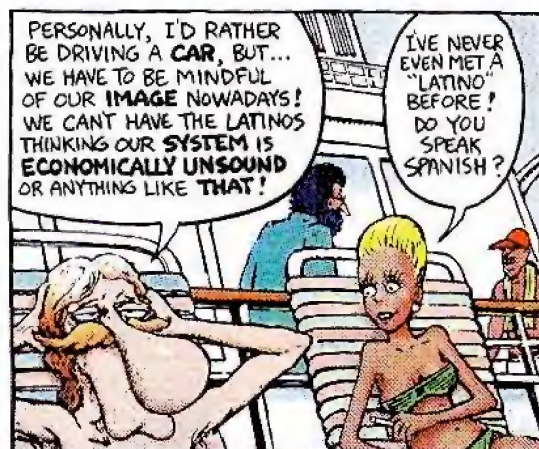
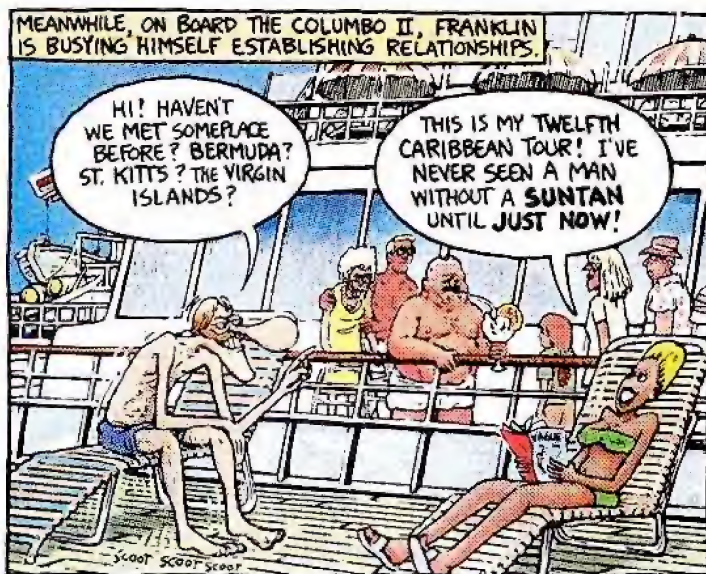
THIS IS MUCH BETTER! IT'S GOING TO TAKE ME A LITTLE BIT LONGER TO GET TO BOGOTA, BUT I WON'T MIND IF I NEVER HAVE TO RIDE IN AN AIRPLANE AGAIN!



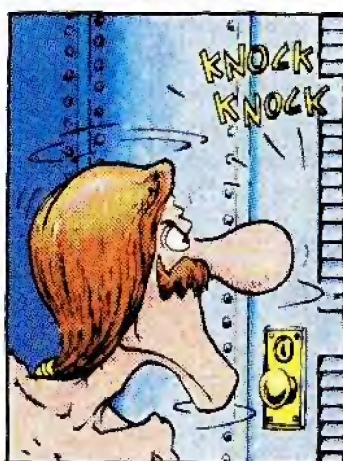
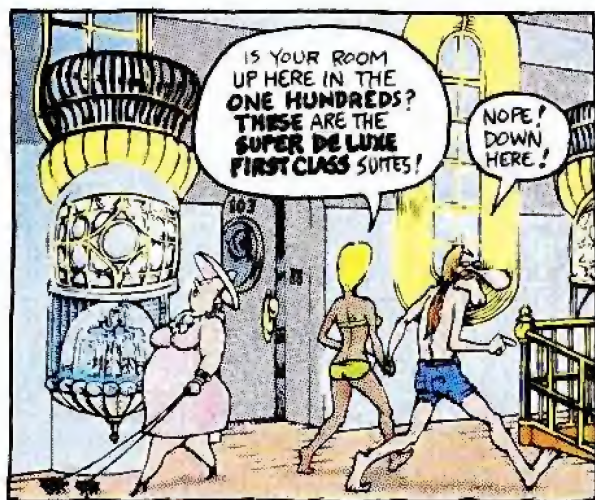
BUT ONCE MORE, FRANKLIN'S BLISS IS TO BE PREMATURELY INTERRUPTED. THIS TIME BY A GROUP OF MODERN-DAY PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN, WHO ARE AT THIS MOMENT APPROACHING THE CRUISE SHIP.







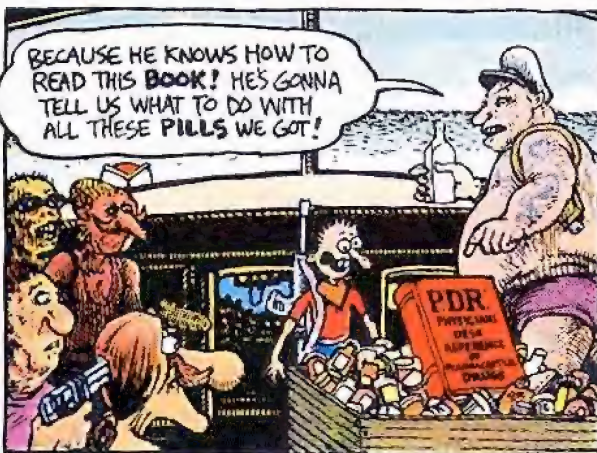








A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER:





IN TIME, FRANKLIN ADAPTS TO LIFE ABOARD THE PIRATE CRAFT, LEARNING THE BASIC SKILLS OF THE SEA.



BUT MOSTLY, HE KILLS TIME BY SMOKING LARGE AMOUNTS OF GRASS, TRADITIONALLY PLENTIFUL ABOARD PIRATE VESSELS.



I SURE AM HAVING LOTS OF ADVENTURES OUT HERE! I COULD WRITE A BOOK ABOUT ALL THESE GREAT TIMES!

HE LEARNS THE LORE OF THE PIRATES FROM THEIR "SCUTTLEBUTT" AND THEIR CRUDE BUT POWERFUL SONGS.



...A COMIC STRIP! I'D CALL IT...  
...UH... UHH...  
"FRANKLIN AND THE PIRATES!"



MEANWHILE, PHINEAS IS AT LAST REALIZING THAT HE IS TRULY ON THE WRONG FLIGHT.



OKAY, THEN, YOU'RE ALL MOSLEM! WHY ARE ALL YOU MOSLEMS FLYING TO BOGOTA, COLOMBIA?

AS I SAID, THE AIRPLANE IS NOT THE ONE YOU THINK! WE ARE FLYING TO MECCA! THIS IS THE SPECIAL CHARTER PILGRIMAGE FLIGHT DIRECT TO THE HOLLEST OF AIRPORTS! HOW DID YOU GET ABOARD?



NOT THE PLANE TO BOGOTA, THEN?

OH, MY GOD! I CAN'T GO TO MECCA! THEY DON'T ALLOW ANYONE THERE WHO'S NOT MOSLEM! THEY'LL BUST ME FOR CERTAIN!

THEY'LL HANG ME!

AND CUT OFF MY HEAD!

AND EVERYTHING ELSE!

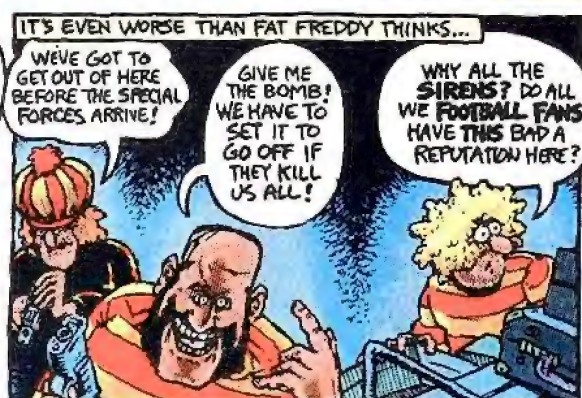
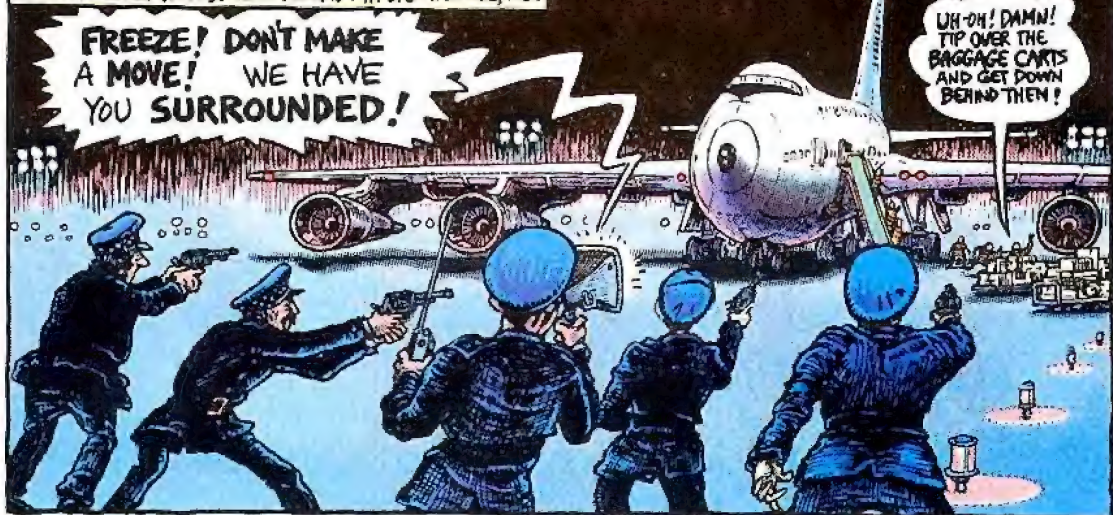








BY THE TIME PHINEAS WAS BEING UN CEREMONIOUSLY DUMPED IN MECCA, FAT FREDDY HAD ALREADY BEEN AT THE AIRPORT AT GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, FOR MORE THAN SIX AND A HALF HOURS. HE IS ALREADY IN BAD TROUBLE, TOO.





AT A LARGE MILITARY COMMAND POST A FEW KILOMETERS AWAY...

IT'S "ANDRÉ THE HYENA" AND HIS SQUADRON OF INTERNATIONAL TERRORISTS, ALL RIGHT! THEY WERE TRYING TO ENTER ON A CHARTER FLIGHT, DISGUISED AS FOOTBALL HOOGLIGANS!



WE INTERCEPTED THEM JUST AS THEY WERE LANDING AT GLASGOW! THEY CLAIM TO HAVE A 1/2-KILOTON, HAND-CARRIED NUCLEAR DEVICE! WE DIDN'T REALIZE JUST HOW TECHNICALLY ADVANCED THEY HAD BECOME IN THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS!

THEY ALMOST SNUCK IN OUR BACK DOOR! CAN THE LOCAL UNIT KEEP THEM PINNED DOWN UNTIL WE GET SOME COMMANDOS THERE?



IF WE CAN BREAK OUT OF THEIR CIRCLE, WE CAN LOSE OURSELVES IN THE DARK! IT'LL HELP TO PUT ON SOME OF THIS BLUE CAMOUFLAGE MAKE-UP!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THIS BLOKE? HE SEEMS TO HAVE ADOPTED US! HE MUST BE MENTALLY RETARDED SOMETHING!

WHY ARE WE HIDING? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU GUYS WHEN YOU TALK! SHOULD I PAINT MYSELF BLUE, TOO? I NEVER HEARD OF THAT! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU GUYS MIGHT NOT EVEN BE FOOTBALL FANS LIKE YOU TOLD ME!



MAYBE WE CAN USE HIM AS A HOSTAGE IF WORSE COMES TO WORST! HE MIGHT BUY US A FEW PRECIOUS SECONDS!

THAT COULD BE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SUCCESS AND FAILURE! HERE, HELP ME MOVE THE BOMB OVER THERE!

HEY! YOU GUYS ARE ACTUALLY SOCCER FANS, AREN'T YOU? ALL THIS TIME I WAS THINKING YOU GUYS WERE TALKING ABOUT FOOTBALL!

YOU FOREIGN PEOPLE DON'T KNOW DOODLEYSQUAT ABOUT REAL FOOTBALL!

SOCCER PLAYERS AREN'T EVEN ALLOWED TO HIT EACH OTHER! WHAT KIND OF SISSY GAME IS THAT?



DOGCATCHER ONE TO COMMAND CENTRAL! WE ARE APPROACHING GLASGOW RUNWAY TWO FROM SOUTH!



PREPARE TO JUMP!

WHAT KIND OF GUY WOULD PLAY A SERIOUS SPORT IN SHORT PANTS?

SET WHATHAMCALLIT AT DELTA THIRTY-THREE...  
...WHATCH-MA...

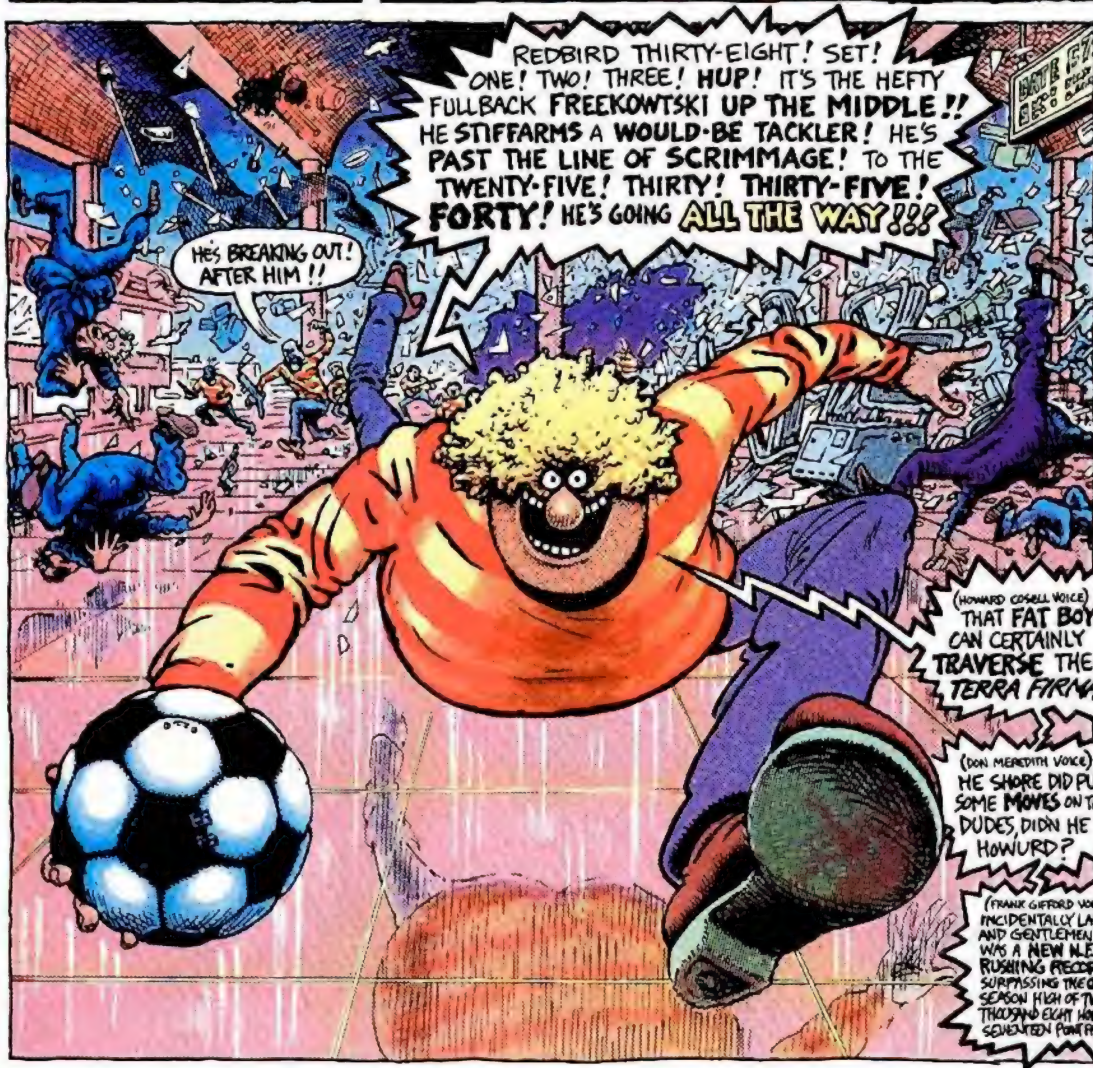


...AND ALL YOU EVER DO IS KICK THE THING AROUND! THAT'S THE MOST BORING THING I EVER HEARD OF!

OKAY, NOW WHAT?







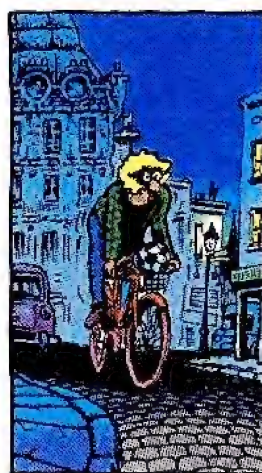
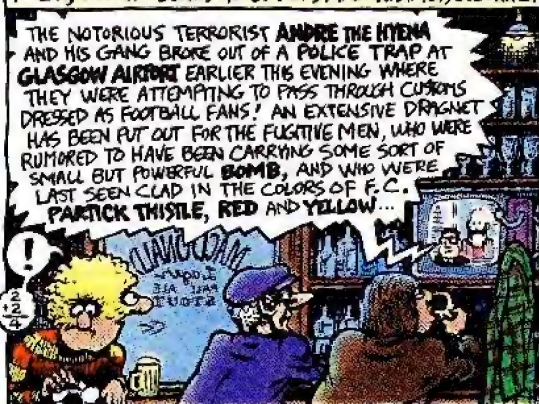




IN THE DARKNESS AND CONFUSION, AND FUELED BY THE EXITEMENT OF FOREIGN TRAVEL (AS WELL AS SEVERAL DOZEN STRAIGHT WHISKIES), FAT FREDDY QUICKLY OUTSTRIPS HIS COMPANIONS THE TERRORISTS, DESPITE BEING BURDENED BY THE HALF-KILOTON ATOMIC BOMB DISGUISED AS A KICKBALL.



IT IS ONLY WHEN HE FINALLY STOPS AT A MACDONALD'S TO EAT, THAT HE BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS OCCURRED.





ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT FAT FREDDY PEDALS,  
ON COUNTRY ROADS ACROSS MOOR AND FEN, ELUDING  
THE VAST MANHUNT HE HAS SET OFF ONLY BY DINT OF  
HIS CUSTOMARY EXTRAORDINARILY **GOOD LUCK**...

HERE COMES **ANOTHER** ONE DRIVING  
ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD!  
GOD, WHAT AN **INSANE COUNTRY**!  
HOW THE HELL AM I GOING TO GET TO  
**BOGOTA, COLOMBIA**, FROM THIS PLACE?

...UNTIL FINALLY, IN THE PRE-DAWN GLOOM,  
HE PERCEIVES THE DIM FORM OF AN ANCIENT  
STONE CASTLE RISING DARKLY FROM THE MIST.

I'VE GOT TO HIDE!

THERE, CROUCHED IN A HIDDEN AND PARTIALLY SHELTERED CORNER  
OF THE RUIN, THE CONFUSED, EXHAUSTED, AND DESPAIRING FREAK  
BROTHER BUILDS A TINY FIRE TO TRY TO FIGHT OFF THE COLD.

NEARBY, IN A DARKENED NOOK,  
A PAIR OF EYES SPARKLES.  
THEY BELONG TO A SMALL SPIDER.



THE SPIDER HAPPENS TO BE A DESCENDANT, MANY GENERATIONS REMOVED, OF THE VERY SPIDER WHICH PROVIDED THE INSPIRATION FOR SCOTLAND'S HERO AND FOUNDER, **ROBERT BRUCE**.



THE BRUCE, YOU MAY RECALL, FOUND HIMSELF ONE TIME IN MUCH THE SAME SITUATION AS **FAT FREDDY** NOW FINDS HIMSELF: IN DESPERATE FLIGHT AND HIDING FROM HIS ENEMIES.



AS HE PONDERED CAPITULATION AND SURRENDER, HIS GAZE FELL UPON A SPIDER WHO WAS TRYING TO BUILD A WEB ACROSS A LARGE OPENING.



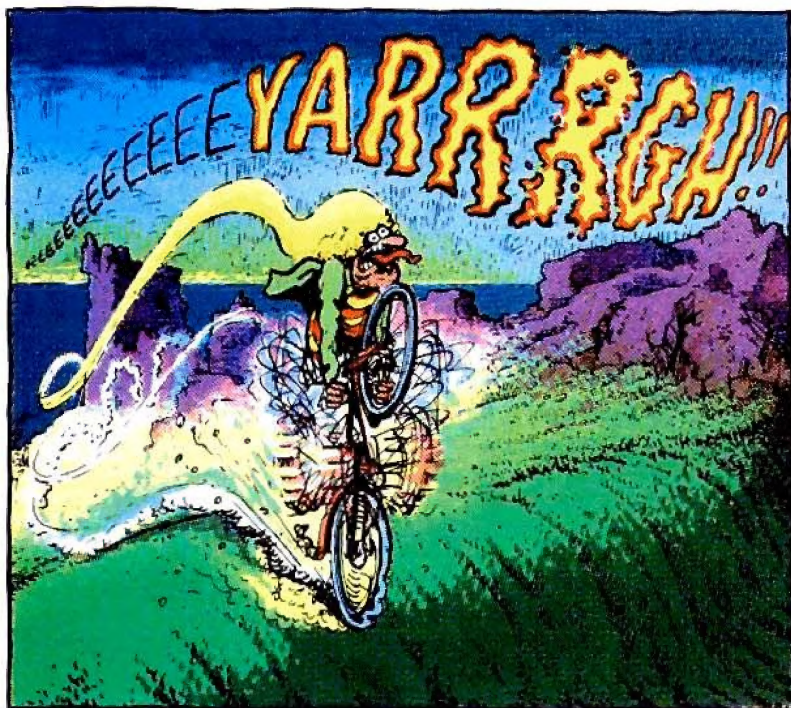
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE SPIDER TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO LEAP WITH HIS FILAMENT ACROSS THE GAP. **ROBERT BRUCE** WATCHED, FASCINATED, FOR A LONG, LONG PERIOD OF TIME.



FINALLY, AFTER MANY A TRY, THE SMALL SPIDER SUCCEEDED IN REACHING THE OPPOSITE LEDGE AND WAS ABLE TO GO ON AND COMPLETE HIS WORK. STIRRED DEEPLY BY THE EXAMPLE SET BY THE SIMPLE ARACHNID, **BRUCE** REGAINED HIS SPIRITS AND WENT ON TO DEFEAT THE ENGLISH AT **BANNOCKBURN** IN 1314.



**FAT FREDDY**, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAS A **PATHOLOGICAL ABHORRENCE** OF ALL TYPES OF SPIDERS.



...AND THE BOMB IN THE FOOTBALL SKIN, FORGOTTEN, BEGINS TO ROLL SLOWLY DOWN THE GRASSY SLOPE...



...AND DISAPPEARS NOISELESSLY INTO THE DARK, DEEP WATERS OF THE FAMOUS **LOCH NESS**.



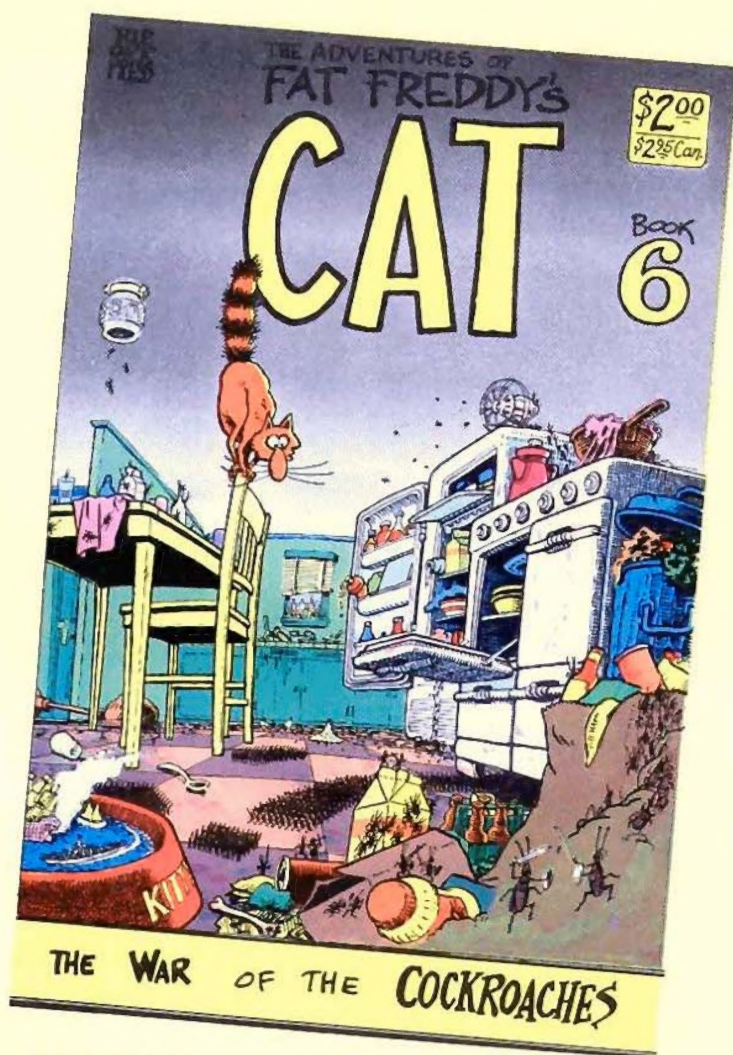
to be continued...



# FAT FREDDY'S CAT FANS!

Now at last you can find out what happened to our feline friend when the Freak Brothers went off to Bogota and left him locked inside their apartment. . . in

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